

FOR THE WOMAN AND THE HOME—PRIZES OFFERED FOR ORIGINAL SUGGESTIONS

BEAUTY AND THE WOMAN

By ELLEN ADAIR

How the Pretty Girl Succeeds or Fails

In these days of paint and powder, eyebrow-penciling and a multitude of artificial "aids" to beauty, it is really hard to tell whether a girl is pretty or otherwise, and almost impossible to discover the natural beauty underneath the artificial.

"Fainting the lily" does not do it. The beauty of the flower, as so many foolish damsels fondly imagine. Upon the contrary, it only takes away its beauty and its freshness. But you simply could not convince the devotee of paint and powder of that wholesome fact. No, indeed! Little Miss Modernity would only laugh at you.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," goes the old saying. Yes, this is true, but with reservations! If the beauty is natural and fresh, then the old saying is delightfully true. But it scarcely applies to the artificial.

The girl who is genuinely pretty has much to be thankful for—although it will bring her many small trials and vexations, too. For the people who fondly imagine that beauty in woman is the only thing that really matters are laboring under a sad delusion.

An exceedingly pretty girl was bewailing her fate only the other day: "The men I meet don't seem to care two pins whether I am clever or interesting or intelligent," said she dolefully. "They only want to tell me how pretty I am! I would infinitely rather be thought amusing, or witty, or a fine conversationalist than just be classed as a sweet little doll! And I am classed as a sweet little doll, that is the tragedy of it! Yes, I am convinced that the average man likes a woman to be a fool! He doesn't want brains in a woman, no! That would be usurping his lordly prerogative! Oh, yes, I have lots of so-called admirers. At first I was pleased, and took their adulation as a compliment. But now I value it at its true worth! For it's only transient admiration for what they are pleased to call my beauty! It doesn't include admiration for anything else—neither my disposition, nor my mentality, nor my powers of conversation."

I noticed a very homely-looking girl eagerly drinking in every word the pretty girl poutingly uttered. There was an expression of intense, hungry wishfulness on the face of the homely girl. I knew that she was envying her attractive companion to the very depths of her soul. Granting that the words of the pretty girl were decidedly exaggerated, what would the homely girl not have given for that half-loaf of admiration which is better than no bread at all! For the homely girl in this particular instance had neither brains, nor beauty, nor a particularly fine disposition to recommend her.

The girl who declares that men only care for mere outward beauty in woman has surely some lack within herself. For if such has been her experience the fault must be largely her own. She can have had little to offer these men beyond the charm of her beauty.

"But men don't want anything else," she will declare. "Men want a girl to be merely a pretty little mindless fool!" Yes, the foolish, vacuous, empty men want this—but never, never do the best, the worth-while men want anything of this sort. To attract the "worth-while" man a girl must have sterling qualities to recommend her. Beauty is not essential, although it is a valuable asset. But only an asset, remember that! It must be backed by an intelligent, interesting mind, a sweet personality and a kindly disposition.

One has only to glance through the annals of history to see that many of the plainest women imaginable have been the objects of the deepest love and most

lasting passion on the part of men of the highest intellectual rank and ability. In cases where great beauty was added to this magnetic personality, tragedy has often resulted. Mary, Queen of Scots, was one of the loveliest and most bewitching women who ever lived, both mentally and physically—and a most unhappy lady.

But to every picture there is a reverse side, and the pretty girl should be thankful for her gift of beauty. But she must overcome the very great temptation which comes to every pretty girl to rest on her laurels, so to speak, and allow her beauty to be the only attraction she has to offer. She must cultivate her good qualities quite as assiduously as the girl who has been less favored by nature. For many men shun the pretty girl as being conceited or brainless, or uninteresting. Why plainness of face should be taken as a sign of intelligence strikes me as extraordinary, but some men do actually think so!

The pretty girl is always sure of a certain amount of homage from men. But the quality of that homage depends entirely upon herself. Beauty brings admiration and adulation, and a "good time" in the way of masculine attention—but beauty, to arouse and keep deep and lasting love, should be backed by qualities that endure and endear.

PRIZE SUGGESTIONS

PRIZES OFFERED DAILY

For the following suggestions sent in by readers of the EVENING LEDGER prizes of \$1 and 50 cents are awarded.

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Mrs. P. C. Jones, 5411 Walnut street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: A clothespin makes an admirable apple corer when the housewife does not possess one of the latter. Insert the clothespin at the stem end of the apple about an inch and twist it around. Then push it clear through the other end and the core drops out. This works just as neatly as any corer one can buy.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Anne B. Rogers, Jefferson Home, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: When cooking new pod peas do not pod, but throw into boiling water and cook until tender. The pods will rise to top of water and peas will go to bottom. Strain the pods off top. Peas are better flavor and saves much labor.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. E. Bohem, 539 North 65th street, for the following suggestion: An excellent way to clean white enamel furniture is take a desertspoon of bicarbonate of soda, a half pint of warm water and a few drops of ammonia. Saturate a sponge or white rag well with this solution and carefully go over the furniture. As the water becomes soiled renew the solution; then wipe dry with a clean rag; lastly rub with a soft flannel cloth to restore the polish. Never use soap, as it makes it yellow. I have just cleaned a bedroom suite and it looks like new.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mary Pessey, 4638 Sansom street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: To purify grease and fat drippings, such as are left in the pan after frying anything, add an amount of water equal to the amount of grease; allow to come to a boil and then cook. The undesirable parts sink to the bottom and the nice white lard which has separated comes to the top. Skim this part off and save it. It can be used again for anything at all that lard is used for and effects a very great saving in the amount of new lard you have to purchase.



THE LATEST STYLES IN MILLINERY

JOHN ERLEIGH, SCHOOLMASTER

A GRIPPING STORY OF LOVE, MYSTERY AND KIDNAPPING, By CLAVER MORRIS

Author of "John Hredon, Soldier."

John Erleigh had let him go. Weeks before he had come to this decision—that if Vertigan asked for any more money he would not give it to the man. His decision had been arrived at suddenly as he had caught a curious expression of pain and fear in his wife's eyes when he had asked her for the last thousand pounds. It was better for her to know the truth than to look at him like that—out of the anguish of her soul. Besides, he felt that he was breaking to pieces under the strain. He ought to have told the woman he loved before he married her. It was late now—but perhaps not too late. She might have pity on him; she might be able to understand. On the other hand, the confession of it—amounted to that though it did not come from his own lips—might mean the end of all happiness.

When he had finished writing he packed his leather trunk, paid his bill, and took his departure. An hour later he was in the train from Paris, and he intended to go on from Paris to England. "I must find out all about this William Merlet," he thought. "Lord Wimberley has promised to say nothing of him to any of the English detectives."

CHAPTER XXXI. When he had finished writing he packed his leather trunk, paid his bill, and took his departure. An hour later he was in the train from Paris, and he intended to go on from Paris to England.

"I must find out all about this William Merlet," he thought. "Lord Wimberley has promised to say nothing of him to any of the English detectives." He leaned back in the corner of his carriage and had pleasant visions of £10,000. It was a large sum—in Spain almost a big fortune. There would be plenty left for a little honest enjoyment when the castle had been restored and new dresses purchased for his five sisters. He liked to think of the new dresses. It was possible that they might help the wearers of them to find husbands.

Autumn passed into winter so quickly that year in England that one week it was warm and sunny enough for John Erleigh to row his wife up the river and have tea out of doors, and the next week saw snow on the ground and a hard frost that promised a winter. On the day term ended, however, it was damp and chilly, and the fog lay over the land like a yellow pall. John Erleigh, sitting at the table in his study, could hardly see the towering mass of the abbey through the curtain of mist. A leafless tree, close to the window, stretched out long black arms and fingers that dripped with moisture. The fire in the grate was dull and lifeless, and a haze of smoke hung across the room.

It was very quiet. The school buildings and quadrangles were like a body from which life had departed. The last of the boys had gone, waving his cap gleefully out of the window of an ancient cab. There seemed to be no sound anywhere in the schoolhouse, though the servants must have been about as usual. Even the clock had stopped. For some reason or other John Erleigh had forgotten to wind it up on its appointed day. Such a thing had never happened before since he had been at the school. But his mind was so engrossed with other matters that he did not notice it until he turned in his chair to see the time.

"I'm going to pieces," he muttered, rising to his feet and taking out the key from a china vase. He wound up the clock and set it by his watch. Then he seated himself in his chair again. His face was pale and haggard. That stopping of the clock seemed to be an evil omen. It was as though something had gone wrong with the workings of his brain, as though he himself had run down and was no more use in the world. It was 1 o'clock, and during the next half hour he turned and looked round that he had a dinner time at the times when he had had to rise again. In his



A SMART GIRL'S DIARY

Some Pretty Styles in Hats

As far as millinery goes, I think that this forcing of the seasons is absurd! Here we are with the coldest of icy winds blowing, and everything as cold and as wintry as possible, yet if you aren't wearing a straw hat you are "out of style."

Well do I remember setting forth on a broiling hot morning under one of these close-fitting velvet "chapeaux." I had a tremendous amount of shopping to do and I don't know when I felt more heated.

Now here come all the spring hats, and we simply must have one, unless we wish to be entirely demodee—and that would never do, would it? I must confess that I started out with two friends of mine this morning in a far from cheerful frame of mind. For I didn't want to buy a straw hat, yet as they were going to make millinery purchases I didn't want to be left out of the fun.

Kid's Chronicle

Wrote a poem about babies today, being this:

A baby is a bald headed person. Wich speaks in forin sounds, It crawls around like sum kind of a bug And nevvr leeps or bounds.

No man was evvr a littel girl And no lady was evvr a boy, But both of them wen they began, Was wunts a baby, O Joy.

They sleep awl day and cry awl nite And raw milk is awl they eat, And wenevvr they wunt amusemint, They start to play with thare feet.

Its quite a trubble to have a baby around And its feare to have 5 or 6, Because they wawk like dawgs awn thare hands and feet But you cant teetch them how to do tricks.

Its awl rite to like yure naybors dawg, Or evn thare cat, maybe, But nobuddy is espeshilly fond Of nobuddy eltses baby.

O a Chinnermans baby is yello And a savidges baby is black, But no mattir wat langwidge you tawk to them in, Baby tawk is awl they tawk back.

Its grate to see a baby laff, And its feare to see wun cry, But weathir they cry or weathir they laff, Thares nevvr evn reason why.

O awlways be kind to babies And treat them tenderly, Because no mattir how funny they look, Thats how you ust to be.

Hints for the Spring Toilette

The early spring styles are making their appearance and the straw hat is not at all unusual on the street. Here are a few advance notes on the edicts of fashion:

Most of the new shoes have straps over the instep. These are cool and comfortable for warm days, and rich beading and embroidery on the straps add a touch of splendor.

All kinds of boleros are coming in again. The old-fashioned and highly artistic ostrich feather fan has made its appearance.

Dance frocks are made of sheerest organdie. The early straw hats are made with a trimming of satin and resemble military turbans.

Buckles will be worn on all slippers, even those for street wear, and the high boot, made of brown or bronze leather, will remain in favor.

Make your wide skirt short—a narrow one is out of the question. White petticoats have deep, full ruffles of soft lace.

The newest gloves are trimmed with all kinds of gaudy stitichings. If you can wear brown, do so by all means; this promises to be a brown season.

The Gift

From friend to friend, the choicest gift That ever love can give, Is that which comes the heart to lift, Or helps the soul to live. Of all fair bounties ever sought, Of gems or jewels rare, What treasure like a lovely thought, Or love's far-reaching prayer.

MARY MAPES DODGE.



See Picturesque California Expositions

and the Expositions without cost

Take advantage of the biggest offer ever made by any newspaper in America—fifty free trips to the Panama-Pacific and San Diego Expositions with every item of expense paid by the Public Ledger-Evening Ledger. You can win the trip in your spare time. Start now.

Contestant's Entry Blank

Public Ledger Evening Ledger Independence Square, Philadelphia Please enter my name as a contestant for the Panama-Pacific Exposition Tour.

Fill in this coupon and mail today.

Send me all the necessary information and subscription blanks.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary

MARY, Mary, quite contrary, was a little girl who lived in a certain big city. I won't tell you which big city, for then you might think you knew Mary, and that would make her feel badly—she don't like people to tell things about her contrariness, you see. That is, sometimes she don't. Other times, she laughs about her funny ways as much as you or I would. But, being contrary, you never can quite tell which way you will find her.

Her real name was just plain Mary, but so often she was contrary that her family had named her after the Mary of Mother Goose Village.

Like the Mary in the book, this Mary had a garden. She was very proud of it and liked to pick the flowers, though I fancy she didn't do any more weed-pulling than most other little girls do—maybe not as much.

When the winter time came, Mary's garden died and she missed it very much. "I do wish that old Jack Frost had let me keep my garden," she said to her mother one day. "I like gardens and I think it was real unkind of him to freeze mine all up."

"His cousin's help it, dear," said her mother, comfortingly, "he couldn't pick out your garden and save it, he had to freeze them all. If you like gardens so well, why don't you make a winter garden?"

"A winter garden?" asked Mary. "What is a winter garden?" Her mother explained about the garden of bulbs that people have in their windows in the winter time and Mary was delighted with the idea.

"That's not the very thing I want to have mother," exclaimed Mary in delight. "Think what fun it will be to watch things grow! And having them grow in the window, I won't have to get down on the ground to watch them. And I don't want bulbs and things that other people have," added Mary quite seriously. "I want nasturtiums!"

"Nasturtiums?" exclaimed her mother, who never had grown in a window garden. "Mary, I must have something that we know will grow winter garden."



"Now see my nasturtiums!" cried Mary.

"Now see my nasturtiums!" cried Mary. "Who says they won't grow! Just see them!"

And grow they did—for a while. They set out cunning green leaves, they began to make vines, and then, all of a sudden, they stopped. Just when they were all covered with tiny leaves, they suddenly leaped over toward the window and died!

"No use trying," said the forlorn Mary to her mother. "The nasturtiums in the house; they want the outdoors!"

So Mary had to give up. "I guess flowers are only thing a person can't be contrary about," she said to her mother. "She believes that's the reason the Mary in the book had a garden!"

Copyright, 1915—Clara Ingram Johnson.